

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

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THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

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WHIMS OF CELEBRATED MEN.

Some amusing features from the lives of celebrated men have been brought together by a German writer. Anber wrote on horseback; it was not possible for him to write in any other place than Paris, however beautiful another residence might be, and however many attractions it might offer. Adams composed while lying, with his clothes on, in bed, and showed as great antipathy to all landscape beauty as love to his cats. The same antipathy to all natural beauty is charged to Donizetti, who always slept when he went upon a journey, when he should have given his attention to the romantic scenery of Switzerland and Italy. Eimaraeus could not write without having a lot of friends around him, with whom he kept up an active conversation about art matters. Sacchini's train of thought was interrupted when his cats did not play their antics upon his writing desk. Sarti could only become inspired in a room with furniture, and which was dimly lighted. Spontini could only compose in the dark; and Meyerbeer composed best during violent thunderstorms, under the roof of his house. Salieri gained his inspiration while he walked quickly through the streets filled with a human throng, meantime eating a great quantity of confections. Haydn, in order to compose, sat in a soft arm-chair, with his gaze directed to heaven. Gluck composed in the open air, best in the glaring sunshine. He liked champagne by his work, and gesticulated very violently, as if he were an actor on the boards. Handel wandered in the church-yard, and when he wished to become inspired, he sat himself down in one corner of it which was shaded by weeping willows. Paeiello composed in bed, and did not leave it until he had finished a whole operatic scene or act. Mehul was a great worshipper of flowers, and often fell into silent reverie in observing them. Mozart gained his inspiration from reading Homer, Dante, Petrarch; Verdi must read passages from Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Ossian and Victor Hugo. Schiller inspired his muse by the smell of rotten apples, which he kept constantly in his desk; besides this, he liked to live amid surroundings corresponding to the subject upon which he worked. When he wrote the last act to "Mary Stuart" he had his servants clothed in black; and so long as he worked on "Wallenstein," he neglected no review or other military spectacle, and at home his wife must sing battle pieces to him. Goethe loved to have plastic works of art before him as he wrote. It is known that in the creation of his Iphigenia, he had the image of an antique female before him, in order to see if that which he made his heroine would suit the features before him. Jean Paul replenished his ideas while taking a walk, and drank a glass of beer now and then on the way. In writing he loved the strong smell of flowers. Herr von Kleist worked with great difficulty, and when he made poetry, it was as if he had a conflict with an invisible fiend. Just the opposite was the case with Father Wieland. In making his poems he trilled a lively song, and sometimes would spring away from his work and cut a caper in the air. Koltzbe, in the composing of his dramas, was also actor. He himself acted single scenes in his study. It is related that when Sand murdered him, his little son, as he saw him reel and then write upon the ground, cried to his mother, "See, mamma, father plays comedy again!" Burger, the immortal poet of Leonore, is said to have whistled street songs as he wrote his verses on paper. His conversation in such moments is said to have been obscene. Holderlin was often found crying when he composed poems. Similar things are said of the French romance writer Lafontaine. His wife once found him before his writing desk swimming in tears. "Oh, it is too sad," he sighed. "It don't go at all," he sobbed; "I am still in the first volume." Matthison wrote his poems by moonlight, while standing at the window. Lamartine wrote his best things in the morning, before breakfast, while sitting before the fire. A contemporary of Dumas wrote thus: "The writing desk of Alexander Dumas presents a picture of classical disorder. The study floor is covered with books and papers, behind which he is seated, formally barricaded. Also a quantity of dogs, cats, poultry, pigeons, singing birds are to be seen around, and these he feeds, strokes, and keeps out of mischief while writing. In the background stand a number of printer's devils waiting for copy, and booksellers and such people, who have business with him. He writes very rapidly, and carries on, very often, a conversation at the same time. He is very negligent in his dress."—Phrenological Journal.

The Use of Salt.

We have received from a correspondent a letter making some inquiries into the use of salt, and we are given to understand that among other follies of the day some indiscreet persons are objecting to the use of salt, and propose to do without it. Nothing could be more absurd. Common salt is the most widely distributed substance in the body; it exists in every fluid and in every solid; and not only is everywhere present, but in almost every part it constitutes the largest portion of the ash when any tissue is burnt. In particular it is a constant constituent of the blood, and it maintains in it a proportion that is almost wholly independent of the quantity that is consumed with the blood. The blood will take up so much and no more, however much we may take with our food; and, on the other hand, if none be given, the blood parts with its natural quantity slowly and unwillingly. Under ordinary circumstances a healthy man loses daily about twelve grains by one channel or the other, and if he is to maintain his health that quantity is to be introduced. Common salt is of immense importance in the processes ministering to the nutrition of the body, for not only is it the chief salt in the gastric juice, and essential for the formation of bile, and may hence be reasonably regarded as of high value in digestion, but it is an important agent in promoting the processes of diffusion and therefore of absorption. Direct experiment has shown that it promotes the decomposition of albumen in the body, acting probably by increasing the activity of the transmission of fluids from cell to cell. Nothing can demonstrate its value better than the fact that if albumen without salt is introduced into the intestines of an animal no portion of it is absorbed, while it all quickly disappears if salt be added. If any further evidence were required, it could be found in the powerful instinct which impels animals to obtain salt. Buffaloes will travel for miles to reach a "salt-lick," and the value of salt in improving the nutrition and the aspect of horses and cattle is well known to every farmer.

The conclusion therefore is obvious that salt, being wholesome, and indeed necessary, should be taken in moderate quantities, and that abstention from it is likely to be injurious. London Lancet.

Lemons.

"Lemons," said the man from Florida, "in their natural state, as they are picked off the trees, are as green as grass. It is impossible to place them upon the market in that condition, as they would not be salable. Therefore a kind providence has given us an article known as sulphur. Well, you know that sulphur is yellow. All the green lemons, before they are prepared for shipment, are first sent to a coloring establishment and there are colored into a beautiful yellow by the fumes of sulphur. There are several large coloring places down South, and one in a large Northern city which receives carloads of the green fruit every day, and turn out daily the juiciest lot of yellow lemons you ever laid your eyes on. The business is perfectly legitimate; why not? The lemons must be disposed of, and they are not marketable in this green condition. You don't for one moment suppose that large plantation owners will throw their lemons away just to accommodate the dear public? But talking of artificially-colored tropical fruit reminds me of a story I heard the other day. You know that what are known as blood oranges are supposed to be a much better and sweeter quality of the fruit, and bring a better price. It seems that a dealer in one of the large European cities has recently taken it upon himself to manufacture blood-oranges. It was the easiest thing in the world. He invented a syringe with a point as fine as a needle, through which he could force a small quantity of aniline into each orange until it became thoroughly saturated, and the result was that he was enabled to sell his oranges at almost twice their value; but the authorities got on to his little game and arrested him after he had swindled the people for a great many years. I don't know what became of the offender and his patent coloring process, but, after serving out his sentence in an Italian prison, he is supposed to have taken a trip to this country and settled down in Connecticut and probably gone into partnership with that other fellow who made a living by manufacturing wooden nutmegs.

The price of a wife in Siberia is eight dogs, and some are considered dear at that. When the wife is dressed up the difference in the article of her is, to all appearances, very slight.

Keeping Their End Up.

As last Tuesday's west-bound train passed Cape Horn, a large party of Englishmen, of the "direct-from-London" variety, crowded out on the platform and loudly expressed their dissatisfaction at the scenery, which was "not at all up to the guide-books, you know, by Jove!"

As they returned to their seats to enjoy a jolly good British all-around grumble, entirely oblivious of the indignant glances of the native passengers, a meek-looking, gentle-voiced journalist from Frisco approached from the other end of the car and volunteered to give the tourists some valuable facts concerning the country. In an ingenious and plausible way, he answered their questions in a manner that reduced our critics from over-the-pond to a condition of profound amazement, not to say awe.

The next morning the journalist was informed by the reporter that a committee of gentlemen wished to see him in the baggage car. As he entered the latter he found a dozen travellers, all natives and to the man born, waiting to receive him hat in hand. The spokesman advanced and said:

"You are the party who was giving those globe trotters in the rear sleeper some points about the coast, I believe?"

"I am, sir," said the quill-driver, modestly.

"You told them, I understand," continued the chairman, "that Mount Shasta was 76,000 feet high?"

"The same."

"You divulged the well-known fact that trains on this road were often detained four days by herds of buffalo, and they frequently have to use a Gatling gun on the cowcatcher to prevent the locomotive being pushed off the track by the grizzly bears?"

"Yes, sir."

"You further acquainted them with the circumstance that the Digger Indians live to the average age of 204, and that the rarification of the air on the plains is such that an ordinary pin looks like a telegraph pole at the distance of forty-two miles?"

"I think I wedged that in," responded the newspaper man.

"And we are informed they all made a memorandum of your statement that at the Palace Hotel an average of two waiters per day were shot by the guests for bringing cold soup—eh?"

"They did."

"And, finally, we believe that you are the originator of that beautiful—that b-o-a-utiful!—er—fact regarding that fallen redwood tree up at Mariposa—I mean the hollow one into which the six horse-stage drives, and comes out of a knot-hole 165 feet further along?"

"I told them all about it."

"Just so! just so!" said the committee, grasping the patriot's hand and producing a well-filled buckskin bag, "and I am instructed by this committee of your fellow-countrymen to present you with this slight token of our appreciation of the noble manner in which you have vindicated the honor of our noble land; God bless you, sir!"

"Gentlemen," said the true Californian, much affected, "I understand your feelings, and although I blush to be rewarded for simply doing my duty, I accept the gift as a sacred trust to be devoted to the further exaltation of our common country."

"In what way?" asked the chairman, earnestly.

"Why, I am going back to rope those fellows into a little game of stud-horse poker." And as he left the car they gave him a cheer that nearly shook the train off the rails.

The following is an instance of that gallantry and politeness which is inherent in every true-born Irishman. It is pleasant, indeed, to record the fact that, so sensitive is his nature—often mistaken for pride—that he is said to feel every sensibility wounded, were those whom he had treated kindly to offer any remuneration beyond that of showing that they were grateful. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be etiquette to catch such an article belonging to a lady to whom he had never been introduced, a lively Emerald dropped his hod of bricks, caught the parachute in the midst of gyrations, and presenting it to the fair loser with a low bow, said: "Faith, madam, if you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you."—"Which shall I thank you for first, the service or the compliment?" asked the lady, smilingly.—"Troth, madam," said Pat, touching the brim of his hat, "that look of your beautiful eyes thanked me for both."

The meanness of this world is helped on by doing unto others as you think they would do unto you if they had a chance.

A noted physician of San Francisco says there are 107 cases of leprosy in that city, caused by smoking Chinese cigarettes.

The disgraceful fate of Major Wasson is a terrible warning to keep army officers from playing poker. They must try some other game.

A mistress, who had just hired a new cook, made a tour of inspection after she had kept her a week, and found a policeman locked up in the pantry. "How did this man get here?" asked the lady, severely. "I'm sure I don't know," answered the girl; "he must have been left over by the old cook."

The seven wonders of the world, in ancient times, were the pyramids of Egypt, the Pharos of Alexandria, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the temple of Diana, the statue of the Olympic Japiter, the Mausoleum of Artemesia, and the Colossus of Rhodes.

The seven wonders of the world in modern times, are the printing press, the steam engine, the telegraph, the daguerotype, the telephone, the phonograph, and the electric light.

The so-called "seven wonders" of the ancients, were mere trifles compared with those of the present time. The Brooklyn bridge, for example, would make the hanging gardens of Babylon a mere toy, while the whole seven wonders put together would sink into insignificance could the builders have seen a lightning express train at full speed.

It costs the citizens of the United States a good deal for the enjoyment in which they indulge in their hours of idleness. A large sum of money, not less than \$100,000,000, is expended by American travellers in Europe every summer, but the amount is not insignificant which is expended every year at the seaside resorts lying between Cape May Point and Long Beach. It is estimated by a contemporary that the season receipts from Long Branch to Long Beach, inclusive are not less than \$8,000,000, and the Philadelphia Press thinks \$6,500,000 a low estimate of the receipts from Long Branch to Cape May, so that the 3,500,000 inhabitants of New York, Philadelphia and Brooklyn pour out for \$14,000,000 to \$15,000,000 every summer upon a strip of sand less than 200 miles long.

De education ob a man is his silver, but his common sense is his gold. Fortune sometimes comes ter de one what least expects it, but it is more apt ter come ter de man what works for it. De best boy don't allers turn out ter be de best man. I has know'd good boys ter drag along an' finally amount to suthin'. Yer kaint allers judge ob a man by his public walk. It's sometimes de nicest steppin' man dat runs down de heel ob de shoe. De 'oman what is de worst 'bout runnin' 'round de neighborhood tellin' tales is de one what complains de loudes' when somebody talks about her. De wust lick I eber got was from a man what didn't want ter hit me. Now Ise mighty keeful 'bout crowdin' a man. When a pusion says dat he want ter fight, yer's safe; but when he tells yer dat he doan want ter fight, den stop right war yer is.—Arkansas Traveller.

The frequency and destructive character of the tornado in some sections of the Northwest make life and property there almost as insecure as in the vicinity of Mt. Vesuvius. A visitation of this sort is thus described by Pastor Kristofer Janson, the well-known Norwegian poet and preacher, who has recently settled in Minnesota, and whose newly-built house has just been destroyed by the cyclone:

"We had scarcely locked the door before we heard the roaring of the storm coming. In a moment we were surrounded by a white cloud, and the wind and rain lashed the house, which groaned and shivered all through. It was not rain, it was furious torrents of water mixed with heavy hail, which poured down from heaven. The storm tried to burst open the door, but five men pressed against it, with all their might. The wall seemed to give way and stood in a bow; the building shook as in convulsions. I felt like a tightening of my heart every time the house seemed to be lifted from the ground and dropped down again. Twice we had these terrible shocks, then, in a moment, house, men, furniture, were hurled through the air one hundred feet away. I do not remember anything before I found myself on the ground crawling among the debris of my new home."—AN Y. Observer.